Nor would I change this pleaſure for the Court.

Cade. Zounds, heere's the Lord of the ſoyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thouſand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goeſt, ile make thee eate yron like an Eſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why ſawcy companion, why ſhould I betray thee?
Iſt not enough that thou haſt broke my hedges,
And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the beſt blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fiue daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Eyden. Nay, it ſhall neuer be ſaid whilſt the world ſtands,
That *Alexander Eyden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate with a famiſht man.
Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine,
And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand
Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
And ſtand you all aſide.

Cade. Now ſword, if thou doſt not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightſt fall into ſome Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

They fight, and Cade fals downe.

Cade. Oh Villaine, thou haſt ſlaine the flower of Kent for chiualry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thouſand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue dayes, and ile fight with you all. And ſo a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade muſt dye. *He dyes.*

Eyden. Iacke Cade: And was this that monſtrous rebel which I haue ſlaine?
Oh ſword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age,
For this great ſeruice thou haſt done to me.
Ile drag him hence, and with my ſword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the King. *Exit.*

Enter

Yorke a

Enter the Duke of Yorke

Yorke. In armes from Irelan
Ring belles aloud, bonfires p
To entertaine faire Englands
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who wou

Enter the Duke

But ſoft, who comes heere, B
Buck. Yorke, if thou meane
Yorke. Humphrey of Buck
What, comes thou in loue, o
Buck. I come as a Meſſenge
Henry. To know the reaſon o
Or that thou being a ſubiect
Shouldſt thus approch ſo nea
Whereas the perſon of the K
Yorke. A ſubiect as he is!
Oh how I hate theſe ſpitefull
But Yorke diſſemble, till the
Who now in Armes expect t
And not farre hence I know
Humfrey Duke of *Buckingha*
That I anſwer'd not at firſt, n
I came to remoue that monſt
And heaue proud Somerſet
That baſely yeelded vp the
Buck. Why that was preſu
But if it be no otherwiſe the
The King doth pardon thee,
And Somerſet is ſent vnto th
Yorke. Vpon thine honour
Buck. Yorke, he is vpon m
Yorke. Then before thy fa
Sirs, meete me to morrow in
And there you ſhall receiue

Buck. Come *Yorke*, thou ſ
But ſee, his grace is commin